

JOIKE

***IKE**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

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WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CHARIOT RACE

THE EARLY
INDUSTRIAL VIEW

THE EARLY
IMPARTIAL VIEW

THE OFFICIAL VIEW



*The judges make a grave decision
while contemplating the evidence.*

Also

The LGMB
Opening The
Spadina Subway

One or two Joikes

The Legend of the Ficklegroons

And Much, Much More!

THE SLAVE AUCTION



GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Boxy Lady,

Is Physical Plant really trying to screw us, or are they just incredibly incompetent?

When we were moved into this building in October we still had faint hopes that they might come through with the promised "equivalent or better facilities" and "twenty-four hour access". Hal

After over six weeks of dealing with surly watchmen ("Go home, the building's closed!") and finding metal plates blocking the latches, you can imagine our gratitude when they finally released a few keys, some of which actually open doors in this building. In fact, we were so overjoyed that we hardly noticed that we still don't have electrical outlets.

But what's most annoying is the problem of the so-called darkroom, which we were first promised last spring. They did show us a few potential locations, ranging from an airtight closet to a lovely room complete with a wall that doesn't reach the ceiling and a full-length skylight (honestly!).

Perhaps we were just being too fussy, since nothing definite happened. Finally, with yearbook and Toike deadlines abounding and the walls in the old Annex darkroom about to be torn down, we set up in desperation in the dressing room of the library (which is sealed off). This produced quick results in the form of much ranting and raving and jumping up and down, and we were granted a room less than a month later, just in time for Christmas. Who says there's no Santa?

Now it's the end of January and we've had our darkroom key for over two weeks. After we blocked out the larger holes in the walls, we had to admit it's almost an adequate room, aside from the lack of outlets and ventilation and the two level floor and the fact that that part of the building's always locked up at night and we don't have the key. But the sink is still sitting there with its plumbing hanging loose; waiting, praying, hoping that some day...

I guess it just goes to show that when you deal with the University, you get shafted; and when they deal with you, you get screwed.

Eric Hartwell

Dear Madaam:

I would like to emphatically deny that *Skule Nite* 778 will have a nude scene. It has come to my attention that rumors of this sort have been circulating far and wide, at an alarming rate. Simply: there will be no bare tits and ass. Just because everyone thinks that *Skule Nite* is a sexist show (which it isn't) doesn't mean that people have to start rumors of this sort.

After all, the women in this show are beneath that sort of thing.

Yours,
Agnes Skorb,
Tasteful English
Dramatization Guild

Dear Miss Godiva:

Why does everyone knock Eng. Sci.? I'm in Eng. Sci. because I wanted to learn, which is something we do better than the garden variety engineers. I have nothing against the common engineers. I don't hold their lack of intelligence against them. At least they're better than artists.

But why do they all frown upon us Eng. Sci. guys? What did I ever do to them? What the hell am I supposed to do when I go pubbing, and everyone at my tables starts chanting "Eng. Sci. Sucks!", including four Eng. Sci.'s, and even my date, who's in Eng. Sci. herself? What can I do? I just get quietly depressed.

Transferring out of Eng. Sci. won't do. I would find garden variety engineering a bore. Is there a solution? What the hell. I'm only a dumb firosh.

signed, Elmo

P.S. Why was Annie Nurse laughing at me? And why do people pour beer on me when I'm asking her to dance?



Dear Box:

Do you have a dog? I have one; his name is Spot. I like Spot except when I have to kick him through a hedge. I say, "Sit Spot, sit, and I will give you a cookie." Poor Spot, he does not understand. He stands there and pesses on my carpet. Then I have to reward him with a boot. Later, I say, "Stand Spot, stand, and I will thrust my pulsating organ up your 'brown start'!" Yes, I guess that you could say Spot and I are very S&M. But who are you to comment on our sexual activities? Fucking dogs is a purist's way of getting back to nature. Spot likes to eat cum, too. When Spot curls up to sleep, his long tongue licks his ass clean of the cum that oozes out. Sometimes I help him. It's fun to have a dog.

"Artisle"

Editor,
Oink Oink,
3rd Floor,
20 St. George St.
Toronto, Ont.

January 23, 1978.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am sure that you are aware of this and I know you will disregard my opinion, but your publication, which I have renamed Oink Oink, is one of the most hideously offensive student papers I have ever come across.

You do a great disservice to your own hall (male, I assume), of humanity as well as to women. To portray women as mindless "cunts" (there is no other more hateful word in the English language) whose only function in life is to cater to the sadistic and brutal sexual whims of equally mindless males, is a very disturbing and dangerous viewpoint. To think that in 1978, you would deliberately and pointlessly degrade and humiliate women is beyond belief.

To publish such vile smut in the *Interpret of the Applied Science and Engineering students* at the university is an insult to their intelligence and sexuality.

I have come to the conclusion that you and your staff have either a great fear of or a great hatred of women. In either case, I pity you and your poor

little warped and undeveloped libidos.

I am sorry that I have to remain Anonymous, but when a person is dealing with irrational brutes and stands in opposition to them, there is a danger to one's personal safety.

Not yours, truly, thank God, sick of your tiresome twaddle

P.S. You might find it a consolation to know that your paper is serving one useful purpose—in lining the bottom of my bird's cage.

P.P.S. Enclosed is a piece of Mental Floss. Simply pull it back and forth between your ears, and it might clean your minds.

Editor's Note: Enclosed with the letter was an ear-wax-covered piece of Dental Floss which was very silky indeed. For this reason we were unwilling to experiment with the floss, and thus our position remains unchanged.

Dear Miss box,

I have just discovered a great cure for a hangover — 24 Blue! What a buzz! I seem to have stumbled into a Toike make-up. Or did I start out here? What I really can't figure is why the make-up is being held on the Moon. If I don't run out of fuel I should be able to land in the vicinity of U.C. in time for tonight's pub.

Excuse me for a moment — I think

I have to go to Jettison some nuclear waste (an unavoidable fuel by-product) ...

Thanks so much for waiting — you don't know how much this means to me. I've just achieved a stable orbit. This is Flash Gordon calling earth — Flash Gordon calling earth — I wish to cross the neutral zone back into free space ...

Have you noticed how much show we've had this week? Have you ever wondered how many stars are in the sky? Have you ever figured out how they get the Caramilk in the Caramilk bar?

MY HEAD! I just was hit by a full barrage of photon torpedoes. Time to gas up (sex this time — no Blue left).

I hope my boat doesn't go down. Taddle Creek really is hell this time of the year.

Somebody just turned out the lights; but no matter — though not too intense, the "Blue Angels" will have to suffice. That last one blasted the Kinglons clear into Joe's office. AWKESP.

Damn! I've got to get this to the Ed. quick. I'm about to be kidnapped by these little green men who have materialized on the desk in front of me.

Switched on,
Tuned In,
And Wiped ...
... Right ...
... Out ...



BORNEO TIN MINES (PTY) LTD.

11 SAVILLE ROW, LONDON WIN 5BS ENGLAND.

1 February 1978.

To Oike It May Concern,

Good evening. I was shocked to read the letter to Godiva's Box in your 19 January 1978 issue. The letter I make reference to is the one that you received from the self-proclaimed Student's League for Engineering Revolution in Botswana (SLERB). I find it quite disturbing that A.W.K.T.E. and A.W.K.C.C.M. could allow the printing of such a blatant example of communist propaganda of the shoddiest kind.

Perhaps, though, I should qualify myself and as Vice-President of a well known and respected corporation I feel quite capable for this task. I will recount to you some firsthand evidence that I have received from some of our company employees who were recently working in Botswana. (Informative photographs are included.)

Our firm has been involved in a geological reconnaissance for rich deposits of copper and nickel sulphides; the work programme involved helicopter serviced isolated bush camps throughout the green verdun of central Botswana in the Selebi-Pikwe district. As is our usual practice, we hired several of the populace from the local university to assist us in our work. Naturally their pay was well above the standards that the students are used to. These natives were hired to positions ranging from technical support staff (mostly engineering students) to cooks, bearers and pedarists (armen).

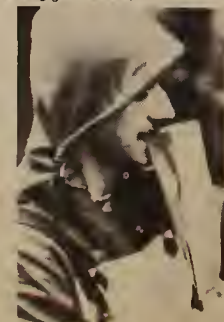
As it happens, most of the students hired (and no doubt most of the junior intellectuals in the country) turned out to be spies, informers and sympathisers with the quasi-pinko guerilla forces that roam the wilderness of Botswana wreaking havoc and untill destruction on defenseless settlements and hostels of pro-Western alignment. The nature of our business venture in attempting to develop a strong natural resource base for this emerging, but still very backward country, was, in their beady eyes and twisted minds, no more than another example of "imperialist aggression". Numerous acts of sabotage were carried out by our hired help, these ranged from baxterimbuk (a sugar-like substance) in the helicopter fuel to razor blades concealed in our mangoes as well as the old, but never-the-less effective, tarantula-under-the-

mosquito-netting-at-night trick. In addition members of the student group were in constant contact with the guerilla forces using secret Soviet made communications equipment and in fact, two raids on our camps were carried out by those bastard guerillas. Fortunately we were ably prepared to defend ourselves.

These guerillas are an odd mixture of two different cultures. On one hand they are supplied with modern Soviet weapons. In one raid even the body of a dead Cuban military advisor was found among the uncounted dead guerillas. (It is fortunate for us that Breznev and



Body of Cuban military advisor killed during guerilla raid.



Demonstration of the use of captured Soviet communication equipment. Note invisible wire leading to receiving unit, at least 20 ft. away.

Kosygin often forget to supply these guerillas with bullets. In contrast to the modern aspect, the poison dart, developed ages ago by their tribal ancestors, still maintains prominence in their arsenal. There remains only one known antidote to the vicious poison which quickly attacks the victim's central nervous system — resting in bed, drinking plenty of fluids and taking two hramwallobas (a salic acid derivative). This remedy is generally 75% effective. I was informed that the alcoholic beverages and hallucinogenic drugs that the "League" makes such high reference to (zangawba and goompambo respectively, I believe) are not all that they are claimed to be. The zangawba is, I am told, even worse tasting than his bouquet would imply (like the proverbial aborigine's armpit). I should think a bottle of Watney's Red Barrel or a good shot of Sterno is what's needed to keep these delinquents in line and I shall personally communicate this to their Head Master. As for the goompambo, made from the dung of the sacred white rhinoceros, apparently all of this natural resource has been used up and the manufacturers are turning to substitutes including human feces, cow pies and doggie doo-doo. As a result of this a lot of bad goompambo is hitting the streets and a corrupt black market in excrement is starting to flourish. Some of the side effects of this compound including prolonged erection have now been diagnosed

by the Centro for Birth Control at Gaborone, Botswana, as acute elephantitis which, if not properly treated, will soon put the Centre out of business.

In conclusion I would help that the Toike Oike will immediately and permanently break any ties it may have with the Student's League for Engineering Revolution in Botswana (whoever that student may be) and in the future, refrain from allowing this medium of communication be used by such a gang of thugs and goons.

Yours etc,
Col. Hamstead Hyphen Jones
(retired)
Vice-President Exploration

P.S. I am sorry I do not have the time to contact you all personally but I would like to thank all those who contacted us regarding summer employment with Bort Mines (Pty) Ltd. in North Borneo.

Unfortunately we had many more applications for jobs than positions, and we have had to make offers to those who seemed a little more qualified for the project. The positions have been awarded to Messrs. Nigel Smythe-Wilson and F.O.N. Dee - Whitley (this will keep those ruddy buggers away from my daughters).

Meanwhile, we have your applications on file and will contact you if there is any change. We hope you are successful in obtaining employment elsewhere. Thank you for thinking of Bort.



Manufacturers are turning to substitutes, including human feces, cow pies, and doggie doo-doo.



There remains only one known antidote to the vicious poison ... 75% effective.

Dear Ms. Godiva

For years you have been a symbol of engineering at Toronto but your reputation and ours have been previously hurt by the three said imitations of yourself imported for the Trumpet and Pea Cart. For anybody who may have missed it a brief description follows:

First of all, it was held in the Med Sci Auditorium which is totally unsuitable for such an animal show. The carpeting and plush seats prevent water bombs from breaking unless they are ricocheted off the wall (which the balcony caught on to right away while the assholes down below never did catch on). Where are the wooden seats and bathroom tile walls of the mechanical building (the only strip show with a sink imbedded in the stage)?

The first lady (and I use the term loosely) came out in a leopard skin and did a You-Tarzaon-me-Jane (or should I say Cheetah) act. She did things with a belt that should be illegal when more than three people are involved and was certainly unsuitable in front of a mixed audience. The audience was mixed at this point as the girl in the balcony didn't leave until I shouted, "Santa's got a hard on." She walked out saying, "I thought they were going to have tea."

The second lady, and I use the term very loosely because she had a medical problem in that her skin was several sizes too large. Whenever she shook her body did things that should be reserved for bowls full of flavoured gelatinous material. If she wants help send her to the Wallberg building and we'll vulcanize her

silicone which should firm her up nicely.

The third lady (the term loose comes to mind) also used a belt in her act. She took a belt every few minutes. She started out fairly high classed (she wore a hard on hat) but her class deteriorated rapidly proportional to her sublety. It didn't stop deteriorating until she had run naked through the crowd (the fool), assaulted a dinosaur (Dinosaur's Dinosaurs RHOO RHOO), and violated a Yuletide folk hero

If you plant on continuing to indulge in such sexist exploiting of the female body (please don't stop on my account) you could at least exploit good looking female bodies.

Missens Marauder



THE NEXT TOIKE make-up is on SAT., FEB 25 AT 3PM

FOR GOODNESS SAKE

The year is 1950. A law has been passed by the Government requiring every married couple of five yrs to have a baby. If the couple have been unable to have a child, a Government man is sent to their home to visit the wife and be the means of her becoming a mother. There are no babies in the family of this story, much to the sorrows of the young husband.

It is the morning of their fifth anniversary, and the husband speaks: "Well good-bye, dear, I'm off to the office. I suppose the government man will be here shortly."

The husband leaves with bowed head. The wife pretties herself up and powders her nose just as the doorbell rings. She is expecting the Government man, but instead, on this particular morning, it is the baby photographer, who has come to the lady of the house about baby pictures.

LADY -- "Oh, good morning."

MAN -- "How do you do. You probably do not know me, but I represent --"

LADY -- "You need not explain Mr. --"

MAN -- "Jones, is the name, Madam, and I am making a speciality of --"

LADY -- "Yes, of course, I know, it's all right. Won't you sit down?"

MAN -- "Your husband probably told you that --"

LADY -- "Oh yes, and we both agree it is the best thing to do."

MAN -- "Well, in that case I had better get busy."

LADY -- "I'm not familiar with the way you do this: just where do we start?"

MAN -- "Leave that to me madam, I recommend two in the tub and one on the couch and a couple on the floor."

LADY -- "Good Heavens: A bath-tub -- floor?"

MAN -- "Well, my dear lady, even the best of us can't get a good one every time, but out of six shots one is bound to be a honey. I usually have best luck with the tub shots."

LADY -- "You will forgive me, but it does seem a little informal."

MAN -- "Yes, indeed, that's right, in my line a man can't do his work in a hurry." (Opens his album to show her) "Look at this baby. Isn't it a good job? That took four hours. Isn't it a beauty?"

LADY -- "Yes, indeed a lovely child."

MAN -- "But for a tough assignment, look at this one. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a Rosedale bus."

LADY -- "(gulping) "A Rosedale bus."

MAN -- "It's really not hard; a man in my line knows how. His work is really a pleasure. But here is a shot that was made in Eatons at high noon. One shot, mind you."

LADY -- "Even one shot in Eatons does seem a little public."

MAN -- "Well, there is a little secret about it. The mother of the child was a movie star and needed a little publicity, and did she get it. But the most difficult job I ever tackled in my life was this" (turns the page and shows her a picture of twins)

LADY -- "Oh, twins."

MAN -- "Yes, and the handsomest boys you ever saw. I knocked that one out in Queens Park one afternoon last summer."


LADY -- "Goodness."

MAN -- "Yes, madam, it took me from one in the afternoon until five. I never worked under more difficult circumstances, with people four or five deep trying to get a look."

LADY -- "People four or five deep?"

MAN -- "People everywhere: just imagine more than three or four hours under handicaps like that. Two cops helped me. I could have got another shot or two before dark, but by this time the squirrels were gnawing at my equipment."


(The lady passed out at this point)



TOIKE OIKE

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Robo: Hello WALLY Double Dyad and all Walletes.
Ron P. & Bugs Bunny: Sorry, Bruce and Wally.
Danny Bowden: He's mine.
Judy Butler: She's his.
Chub-a-dub: Sex is like the chariot Race - if you're industrious, you'll always win.
Bill M.: Remember, accidents cause people.
Dave Bowden: I got a fuck in' ulcer.
Kwik Kart: In orbit (again).
James Ten: How about it, Friday?
Claudia: Dedicated to John who commissions external affairs.
Jymmi eM: Lucky people and George - no star stuff.
Willie Joe: What is reality, anyway?
R. Luap: I cum from the backwoods.
Bruce Thomson: Capitalist Club buttons are still available from the Toike for a mere \$0.75!!
Larch: The First (it only comes once) and now AWKFE.
Paulinski Reganissimo: Thatsa mora like it!
Marianne: I have lost my underwear!
Diana: Bye, bye, Doggie!
Dug: Gee, makeups can be fun, eh Mike?
BaNa2: What an incredible rehearsal!
Graham: Champagne?
Giggles: Liqueur?
Mike: NYD! The dint (I didn't hide under a table - but I hid).
Linda L.: A penguin keeps my bed warm.
Ken: Another in a series. Hmmm...
Eric: Still no sign of moose! How long is it? (All more differently the better same.)

Campus Politics Made Simple



Campus Politics Made Simple

Out of the 30,000 putrid festering inanimate gobs of humanity at this university, there must be at least a few of you who have entertained some taint nation of actively entering the political arena here. If you have, then this article is for you. If you haven't, read it anyway.

Now that I'm finishing my fourth year here, I feel that I must pass on to you my great political acumen, a long with that of the most successful student politicians of our time.

Rule #1: Run for everything!

You can't really expect to win at any particular position the first time,

so run for everything and you might just get something you like. The best example of this is Norman Flynn, formerly of Gnu Collich, who ran for Residence Council President, SAC Rep. and POPE - all at the same time. That brings me to rule #2 ...

Rule #2: Start at the top!

Since you have nothing to lose, don't belittle yourself by running for the shitty minor jobs. Go for the big ones - you might surprise yourself and others by being elected. After all, there's a fool born every minute, and most of them go to university. The leading example of this is our current SAC president, Johnny Tuzyk, who, with no skills of any kind, has founded a dynasty rivalled only by Idi Amin.

Rule #3: Let Success go to your head!

There's nothing in the world quite like the feeling of power that comes from controlling the lives and destinies of hundreds and even thousands of people - knowing that you're in command, a leader of men, the adored idol of thousands, a ruler of the world ...!!! (Shit, I got carried away!) Well, you get my point, don't you?

These are just a few of my gems of wisdom, and you can get the rest just by ordering your own copy of my latest long-playing record entitled, Capitalist Club Guide To Campus Politics, available through the LGMB.

A diamond-bedecked movie star, the last to leave the movie theatre after a gala film premiere, was headed up the aisle when she noticed one of the cleaning women starting after her. Suddenly, a cry of "Mother" filled the empty theatre, and the two women rushed together in an embrace.

Minutes later, when the star, dabbling her eyes, finally tore loose and disappeared into her waiting Rolls-Royce, the cleaning woman proudly turned to her fellow workers. "You got to admit it," she smiled, "Ma sure is a good-looking women."

Definition of a G-string: A gownless evening strap.

A missionary who was journeying up the Amazon decided to teach his native guide a few words of English. First, he pointed to the various objects in the rain forest and gave their names. The guide dutifully repeated them and the missionary was quite pleased, until they happened to pass two people making love on the riverbank. Embarrassed, the man of God said, "Man riding bicycle."

The native immediately drew his bow and let fly an arrow. "Man riding my bicycle!" he exclaimed.

At one time, when the late Sir Winston Churchill was the Prime Minister of Britain, his gardener left the prime-ministerial household, and Churchill was forced to advertise for a gardener.

After looking around the immaculately groomed gardens, one prospective gardener announced that he wouldn't be able to take the job.

Momentarily startled, Churchill then demanded: "And why not?"

"Well, sir," said the gardener, "I can't take the job because my house would be too small."

"Too small?" expounded the parliamentarian, "How could it possibly be too small?"

"Well, sir," replied the gardener, "I have eighteen children."

"And why, might I ask, do you have so many children?" queried the prime minister.

"Well, sir," stated the gardener, "with all due respect, sir, I love my wife."

"I love my cigars, too," said Churchill with a smile, "but I take them out, once in a while."

One very hot day a muscular jock walked up to an ice cream truck. "Uh, I'd like an ice cream cone, please," he croaked.

"Two scoops?" asked the ice cream man.

"Yeah, that'd be nice," wheezed the jock.

"What flavour?"

"Uh, strawberry."

"Sauce on top?"

"Yeah, please."

"Would you like a strawberry on top, too?"

By this time the man could hardly hear the jock, who replied in a very hoarse voice, "Yeah, I'd like that."

And when the cone was almost finished, the man asked the jock, "Crushed nuts?"

To which the jock replied, "No, my little."

On a southbound train a few months after the civil war, a young belle suddenly moved from her seat next to a businessman and sat beside a Confederate veteran who was on his way home from the battle lines. "That carpsbaggar ottsed me to spend the night with him," the offended girl indignantly told the soldier. The southerner immediately threw his gun and shot the man. "That gun be a lesson to any other damn niggers," he proclaimed in a loud voice. "Don't come down here and try to double the price of everything."

A newly-graduated Forester went to a hardware store to buy a chainsaw. After seeing several models he decided to buy a top-line Pioneer Chainsaw.

Two days later he returned in a fury. "I've been robbed!" he screamed. "You people told me that this chainsaw will cut titty cords of wood an hour. Bullshit! I could only cut two cords in an hour!"

"Well," said a salesman, "maybe you were using extramely hard wood. Try again to-morrow, and see if you don't have better results." The Forester stormed out.

Two days later he was back again. "I've had enough of your horseshit," he complained. "I tried again yesterday, and the bast I could manage was three cords in an hour. Let's see one of cut more than that in an hour."

One of the salesmen went over to the saw. "Okey, buddy, lets have a look," he said, and he started up the saw.

"Hold on a minute!" said the Forester. "What's that funny noise?"

A man walked into a local pub with a frog atop his head. The startled bartender asked, "Hay, where did you get that?"

The frog croaked, "Would you believe it started out as a wart on my ass?"

A boy was discussing his mother's pregnancy with one of his friends. "Well, I had a man-to-men talk with Dad about the facts of life," the lad concluded, "and it turns out she was knocked up by a giant bumblebee."

Two bachelor girls went to see a skin flick. Midway through the film, one whispered to the other, "The man sitting next to me is masturbating!"

"Just ignore him," mumbled her friend.

"I can't — he's using my hand!"

A newlywed couple established a household routine that included having sexual relations each evening at 5:15. After several weeks, the bride contracted the flu and received an injection that killed all but three germs. The trio of survivors frantically discussed how they might escape. "I'm moving to the tip of her ear," said the first. "They'll never get me there."

Thinking for a moment, the second bug chirped, "I'm going to the tip of her toe!"

"You guys do what you want," retorted the third, "but when the old 5:15 pulls out tonight, I'm going to be on it."

TOIKE OIKE

What is the definition of an orgasm? It's the gland finale.



A man entered a confessional and said to the priest, "Father, I have had sex with my wife."

The priest explained that the man need not worry about this, as it was not a sin. "But I had sex with her!" protested the man.

"Son, when you are married, having sex with your wife is permitted," countered the priest.

"You see," continued the man, "we've been married for twenty years, and I've tried to be good, but yesterday I saw her bending over a sack of potatoes, and I just couldn't contain myself."

"But you're married," said the priest, "and your union is blessed by God. You have nothing to fear."

"Well, that a relief," said the man. "I thought you would throw us out of the church."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the men of the pulpit. "Whetavar tor?"

"Well," explained the priest, "they threw us out of the A & P!"

A philosopher and an engineer were once forced to share a table for lunch in a restaurant. As they ate, the philosopher read a book about birth and death statistics. Suddenly he looked up at the engineer and remarked, "Do you know that every time I breathe someone dies?"

"Very interesting," retorted the engineer. "Have you tried toothpaste?"

One day, a very enthusiastic engineering science student, who for some unknown reason possessed large amounts of spare time, went to see an investment broker, so that he could market his hot new invention.

"Hold on," said the broker, "But just what is this stuff?" He held up the orange powder which the intrepid inventor had just shown him.

"It's orange snatch powder," said the inventor. "You just put it on the portion of your girlfriend which delights you most, and when you eat it, it tastes like an orange."

"Get out, you silly bimbo!" shouted the broker. "What kind of a fool do you take me for?"

Some time later, about one year, the broker met the engineer-turned-inventor at a very ritzy party. The inventor was surrounded by beautiful girls, and was lighting his custom-made, imported cigars with one-thousand dollar bills. When he got a chance, the broker apologized for his earlier dragging of the newly-successful man.

"Listen," he said, "I'm sorry about what I said about you and your inventive mind — obviously, I was wrong, and your orange powder must have been some success!"

"You listen, you turkey," said the inventor, "that orange powder was a complete flop! No-one bought it. They all thought it was a joke. I'll bet that the first right thing you ever did was to tell me how bad it was."

"But how did you gain such instant success?" queried the broker.

"Oh, that," said the inventor, "Two months ago I invented some black powder. If you'd like to try it, pick up an orange."

A woman walked into a pet shop and asked to see the most unique type of tropical bird that the owner knew of.

"Well, Me'em," he said, "I do happen to have one crunchy bird here."

"A crunchy bird," the lady queried, "what is a crunchy bird?"

The pet shop owner pulled out a pencil and sang out, "Here, crunchy bird, eat this pencil!" All of a sudden, the crunchy bird flew out of his cage, headed straight for the pencil, and gobbled it up in an instant.

The women were amazed, but not totally convinced. "Maybe he just likes pencils," she asserted.

To this, the pet shop owner once again commanded the crunchy bird, "Here, crunchy bird immediately

*** CENSORED ***

compiled, and the women, satisfactorially impressed, took the bird home with her.

When her husband returned home, the woman excitedly told him about her new pet, concluding, "... and this crunchy bird eats anything! We'll never have problems with garbega again!"

To this, her indignant husband replied, "Crunchy bird, my ass!"

One day on an ocean liner, an engineer was walking back to his deck chair with a large bowl of soup when the ship suddenly rolled exceptionally hard, causing him to lose his balance and dump the entire bowl on a passenger sleeping on another deck chair. Thinking fast, the engineer threw the bowl overboard and awoke the men, saying consolingly, "I do hope you feel better now, sir."

The young pharmacist was undressing seductively in front of his bride. As he sensually removed his footwear, his bride recoiled in horror.

"What's wrong with your feet?" she asked.

"When I was young, I had tolo," he explained.

"Don't you mean polio?"

"No, tolo."

She said no more and the pharmacist proceeded to remove his pants.

"Agh!" she gasped. "Your knees!"

"I had kneesles when I was young," he explained.

"Don't you mean measles?"

"No kneeslas."

Finally the moment had cum. The pharmacist struck a proud pose, and prepared to reveal his manhood.

With a gleam in his eye, he removed his underwear.

"Oh, no!" she cried, "don't tell me! Smellcoo?"

What do you call an Indian with erection?

A scrotum pole.

A word of warning for Engineers: Don't drink when you drive. You might hit a bump and spill it.

Definition of Masochism: The agony is the ecstasy

THE DEADLINE

Yes folks, It's that time of year again, when hours and hours of research have to come together towards the creation of what is called the "Year Thesis". For 500 men and women of Skule 778, the gloomy due date approaches. These highly disciplined souls must start, and complete, within two weeks what the faculty believes will take 8 months to do. Unifying massive amounts of facts, reams of computer output, and other trivia someone might think important: all in the effort to expound some new profound insight into the all-encompassing illusions of reality. Wow!!!

The problem with all this is not how to invent the data, but rather how this data may be written up impressively.

As an aid to our dear half-educated and baffled professors, so that they will have a true appreciation of the bullshit which becomes Piled High and Deep, we have included below a short course in "Deciphering Thesis Papers" (PH-D451Y). This course is quite similar to those offered students to aid in the writing of the theses.

What you read:	What It really means:
It has been known that ...	I haven't bothered to look up the original reference.
... of great theoretical and practical importance ...	It was interesting for me.
While it has not been possible to provide answers to these questions ...	The experiments did not work but I figured I could at least get part marks for it.
The W-Pb system was chosen as especially suitable to show the predicted behaviour.	The turd in the next lab had some already made up.
Three of the samples were chosen for detailed study.	The results of the others did not make sense and were chucked.
... accidentally strained during mounting ...	Dropped on the floor.
... handled with extreme care throughout the experiment ...	Not dropped on the floor.
Typical results are shown.	The best (or best modified (or just modified)) results are shown.
The agreement with the predicted curve is	
excellent	Fair
good	Poor
satisfactory	The fucking thing didn't work.
fair	Imaginary

Gather up your S-Points

Once again It is the time of year for some of us to tally up our S-points on an S-point form. Some of you may ask: what are S-points? Well, if you had read your 77-78 handbook you would already know that engineering students are awarded points for aspects of any sport in which they have taken part in during the 77-78 school term. S-points are the Engineering Athletic Association's way of finding out how much any student has contributed to engineering sports. In recognition the Athletic Association will award an engineering student, after earning a mere 15 S-points, a Chenille 'S' which is a handsome crest. For those students who earn 40 S-points and are in fourth year the Association will award a bronze 'S' which is a bronze plaque mounted on a wooden base.

Now, how does a student know how many points he or she has earned this year?

First, you should go up to the Athletic stores (located on the third floor of the ML building) and get an S-point form which is available from the engineering stores manager. The athletic stores are open (using timetable notation) on MW 12-1 and TR 1-2.

Second, the student can either use an S-point sheet available at the Athletic Stores or the engineering handbook, pages 9-8, 7, to help him or her to fill out the S-point form. Both of these sources list the breakdown of the points which are awarded for each aspect of sport participation. Please remember to record all the sports which you have taken part in since you entered engineering.

Finally, after your S-point form is filled out you should return the completed form to the Athletics stores. The deadline for the completed sport forms is February 24, 1978.

If a sport in which you are now participating is not over before you hand in the S-point form, record all the points which you have earned up until the time you fill out the form. Points for championships and such which are won after the form has been handed in will be added by the Athletic Association. If the added points mean you may get 15 or 40 points total, please make a note of this on your S-point form.

If you fill out the S-point form and you find that through the years or you have earned at least 15 points and maybe 40 points, and you may wonder when and how you will be awarded your Chenille 'S' or Bronze 'S'. These will be given to you at the annual S-Dance which is free to all engineering students. This year the dance will be held on March 10, 1978. Watch for more info on the S-Dance to follow.

One more thing — on the S-points awards sheet and the engineering handbook it is printed that you are required to participate in 80% of the games to qualify for participation points. This is a misprint: this should read 60% of the games. Therefore you are eligible for participation S-points if you have taken part in 60% of the games.

Remember these two dates:
February 24, 1978 S-point form deadline.
March 10, 1978 S-Dance.

Tom Halpenny,
Director of Athletics.

A WATCH WAS
FOUND AT THE
CHARIOT RACE
SEE JUNE
IN THE
STORES

I think that the Engineering Stores is the best place in the world for paper, pens and all those other little supplies, if you can find the third floor at 20 St. George St.

Only if you like bargains like the Commodore 64 calculator at \$19.95, MSX Mathematician at \$89.95, 91302 at \$44.95, or the TI 5851-II at \$64.95 and SR40 at \$34.95 or even 20 lb bags of Brill Tune Chevrolet Drapels @ \$2.95 or 20MB records or free Melrose lessons.



U of T ENGINEERING STORES 3rd floor Old McRob Library building

Lady Godiva Memorial Page

BNAD STEALS DONUTS AND SHOW

The LGMB would like to express their heartfelt gratitude for the lovely hospitality extended to us on the occasion of our recent concert at the St. Clair West subway station and points connected to it by transit lines. Their purveyors showed excellent taste in the choice of warmup acts, although it could be noted that they went rather overboard, forgetting that the Bnad alone is more than sufficient to leave transit audiences speechless. Nevertheless, their entertainment department contrived to at once maintain the enthusiasm of the crowd by providing performers with a local flavour, as well as talent and showmanship, and not infringe in any way on the obvious musicality of the true band.

The day can be declared a total success, beginning as it did with a cheriot race which served only to whet the mellifluous ensemble's terpsichorean appetite, rather than to in any way exhaust its near-inexhaustible endurance. After this harmonious beginning, the day nowhere to go but up so we did.

Fifteen minutes later, we went back down, having warmed our posteriors to a golden brown, as well as a degree (304 K) suitable to the continuation of the foray. A quick summit conference determined that we should proceed to another concert instead. Instead, unfortunately, having been previously booked, there seemed little alternative but to satisfy ourselves with yet another record-setting subway concert.

Little as the choice may have been, it was what was to occur. The 19th annual streetcar concert came to pass, much to the delight of innumerable subway passengers. The LGMB, however, has something for everybody, and quickly cheered up the streetcar riders with their amusing ditties and the promise that they would change cars at Bathurst.



from this harmonious heaven back into the cruel cold reality (get rid of the LGMB). And then we left.

The frolicsome troupe boarded a Bathurst bus, and then climbed onto its replacement in great amusement as it watched the TTC carpenter start removing the boards from the doors and windows of the old bus that we had so efficiently and recently decommissioned.

go in, as we were unsure of entering a confined space to any tune but that of our cannon.

The cannon guard, however, being very busy trying to reshape the keys to a brown Duster so that they would get a blue Malibu, didn't have time to cum, and so missed the event. It became necessary to Bogie on in to the station where it was learned that some music. Accordingly a few

maybe they just didn't see any point in paying attention unless the band was playing, which is what they were there to hear, of course.

Billy Davis was there, as he has been on many band occasions in the last couple of years, and although he never seems to change his act, it is one of the most time honoured and generally accepted patters in the business, relying as it does on a long string of put-downs at the expense of the City of Brampton. The show could have done just as well without the guy from York, whose lines were time worn and not overly amusing in the first place. Mel Lastman said a few words to cheer up the members of the band from Forest Hill. A pity he sold out of Bad Boy such a short time before they went bankrupt.



The driver of the second bus was obviously not going to stand for any nonsense, so he sat down. Then he got up again and went seemingly to the can. The LGMB is by now used to eliciting such spontaneous reactions, but nonetheless were overawed by the prospect that this bus, too, was not to go anywhere.

Sighs of relief greeted the announcement that he had merely gone to reassure the breathless crows at St. Clair West station that the LGMB was, in fact, almost there. Five minutes later, we were deposited a short distance from a bank. We extricated ourselves from the snow and, having exhausted all conventional means of transportation, skated to the subway. A quick conference with the Metros on duty revealed that they had in fact been waiting for us. We were escorted in through the hordes of adoring public, but decided not to

numbers were rattled off in quick succession to give the crowd a taste of things to come. Then we took a well-earned rest to enable our warm-up acts to further their careers. A TTC pipe band, which made its debut appearance on our stage, it might add, had been practising since World War II just for this occasion and sounded it. They played with Amazing Grace, and certainly knew how to put down the Scotch (on the Rocks?).

After four or five numbers (6, 11, 22, 567 and 942) they had killed all their cats, and were forced to send recruits out to catch new ones in the neighbourhood. They hardly seemed embarrassed by this at all, or by the fact that a member of our troupe, who will call Banana because everybody else does, taught their members to dance, and that some of the members who had always wanted to know how to dance were so excited that they spent the rest of the show jumping up and down.

At any rate, a change in the program was caused, which allowed the comedians to perform during the break in the pipe band act. They filled in with hardly a hitch, the more tarnished veterans prompting and taunting the less experienced almost to the point of tears. The list of speakers was long and so bears repeating only in passing, where necessary to an account of the highlights.

The entire crowd joined in enthusiastically when a minister decided to lead us in a spontaneous prayer that the heat would soon be turned on, but the Lord and the communion seemed to have turned a deaf ear on those proceedings, or

but after a while they managed, and left the stage, their faces only a little redder than when they had arrived. The crowd was now free of other distractions for now there was only the LGMB left to play. And play we did, exhausting our entire and extensive repertoire, much to the delight of at least one eight year old. Ha had run away, however by the time we started the reprise to the Finstones, so may never know what he missed.



The TTC was so appreciative that, not only did they provide us with a well-nigh infinite supply of coffee and donuts and bad cookies, but they also sent people around to ask how much we had been paid, and how much more it would cost to pay our way home. In the end, after a few miscellaneous washroom concerts, mainly solos, as the washrooms are small indeed, we demanded and received a special train home, and so became the first band in the whole world to hold a concert in the first car of the first train on the spadina subway line. So there.



What about the pipe band, you ask? Well they were to be bussed back to detention in the Hillcrest stock yards, but were, for the second time that day, unable to get up, and so may still be there if the carbon monoxide didn't get them.

The band went home in triumph, to their pubs, dances and movies and a good time was had by all.

Buy our records.
Buy our cokes (if you can get the they wouldn't be able to get it up, machine to work).



A few communist agitators managed to sneak their way onto the programme, but were for the most part inoffensive and ineffective. And then it was time for the pipe band to try again. For a while it looked like they wouldn't be able to get it up, machine to work).

EngiNursing PUB

The post powder puff and charlot' exhibited on the dance floor (oh, race subway opening joint co-sponsored engineering pub and disco night (PPACRSQJSCSEPADN) (unclassifieds) and a few Golden Oldie Eng. Sci.'s (yes, they really do exist), who dipped and jived to the sounds of their own time.

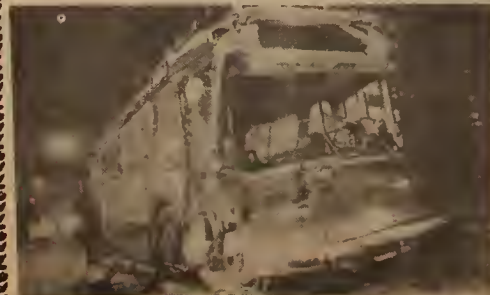
some lost soul's effort at a beer-cup tower was thwarted frequently by some well-placed tosses by various rowdies in attendance, some of whom were also able to demonstrate the art of attending a pub on seventy-five cents, and also earplugs rich.

Nobody around seems to remember much else, except that there weren't any wicked beer tights (which are usually propagated by articles anyway, as they are unable to hold their beer, and also seem to lack the sense of value to prevent them from wasting it), so a good time must have been had by all.

Prize winning form was also



It must be noted that the driver of the Bathurst streetcar was so delighted with the LGMB performance that he turned into a subway station. However, he luckily turned back into a driver before the other passengers noticed and panicked. After the other passengers had noticed, and of course panicked, that the Bnad was there, he tried to end it all by hitting the Bathurst station. But the Bathurst station was very alert that day and swerved wildly, narrowly avoiding the collision. The streetcar stopped, the driver hung his head and wrung his hands, sobbing quietly at the realization that even his best efforts were not sufficient to deliver him





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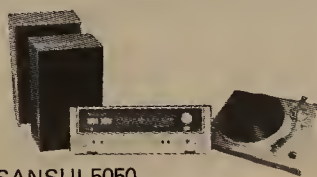
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GODIVA'S LONG WEEK



The Judges' Decision: Final

The opinion of the judges is unanimous — IND 4232 "Human Factors in Quasi-High Performance Man-Machine Chariot Systems" — should never have been allowed to take part in last Friday's Skule Chariot Race.

The question of said vehicle's safety characteristics (or lack thereof) was high in the minds of the judging staff as the pre-race inspection took place; not quite as high however, as the judges' concern for their own personal safety. If an unfavourable qualification decision had been made barring the human factorial chariot from The Great Race. And so as not to hurt any industrial's feelings (something, we are told, which must go into any engineering decision) The Great Race was started with all those contestants that cared to show up. This therefore included Andy-where's-my-chariot? — Gizbert.

The opinion of the judges is unanimous also about why the Human Factor crossed the finish line first — quite simply, the other teams did not believe such a thing could ever occur and ignored the entry from the Upstart Department (either this or there is something to those Organizational Behaviour Courses.)

Industrial is therefore, by nature of a dangerous chariot and non-biodegradable weapons (plastic), disqualified leaving first place to Geological.

absent from the race this year was the First-Year Chariot. Apparently the poor, Ignorant Frosh thought the race was on Finch Avenue. (I suppose they flushed first after all). One would also think that with two Club-Chairmen, Chemical could manage at least one chariot. We spoke with James after the race and he thought that Mario's Lotus had a problem with oversteer.

A Day At The Chariot Races

(OR — THE CALM AFTER THE STORM)

It was just 12 noon last Friday when people were beginning to re-awaken after their morning lectures. Suddenly the masses collected on the field of combat, muffling themselves against the cold. Then began the appearance of the chariots.

The assortment of chariots which began to roll into position were awe-inspiring in their degrees of diversity and technical sophistication. All chariots (or most of them) were built around 45 gallon oil drums, with wheels and/or skis, and draw bars. Some of the mechanicals were baffled at the complexity of the displayed apparatus, likely because they were using last year's model. The geological chariot bore an uncanny resemblance to a couple of large green balls with a shiny red protruberance between them. The industrial attempt-at-a-chariot looked (tintingly) like a blue turd on a toboggan. Electrical ran their Campbell's Cream-of-Cum Soup can with a hard-on.

Apart from the usual oddities was the Eng. Sci. chariot — which was quite unbelievable. There was a drawing mechanism which would have supported Dolly Pardon's bust-line. The actual chariot was basically two oil drums shoved together with precision engineering, and an idiot inside strapped to the axle. Unfortunately, the hyperdrive unit wasn't working, and the chariot was too heavy to lug around the course by hand.

Anyway, with a bang and a bang, the race was off (on?) to a start. There seemed to be a lot of shit around, whose origin is unknown: the clever industrials picked it all up for ammunition at the start of the race. The race itself was the usual pageant of blood letting and barbarism. Most of the participants just were there for fun in the light-hearted spirit for which the race is intended, but there were also the few idiots who think it particularly nice to kill and maim. As the race neared its finish the pile-ups and brutality grew.

At this point I would like to thank Mech. for stopping Civil, and Civil for stopping Mech. and Electrical for stopping. While all this went on, and Industrial's chariot went by in the passing lane and crossed the finish line. This happens to be one of the most important acts in races, for the first disqualified chariot across becomes the winner.

Now, we all know who won — we were all there and saw it. There have been, are, and will be dishonorable attempts by some people to discredit and disqualify the Industrials by blowing the appearance of some plastic upon them; however, those silly people don't realize that this plastic breaks down in less than 12 hours when exposed to 0 degree temperatures (Absolute).

Congratulations to Eng. Sci. for the most interesting chariot, and to Industrial for trying to win.



THE CHARIOT RACE

There I was on the field of combat, prepared to defend the honour of Industrial Engineering to the bitter death ... almost showing our enthusiasm, we warmed up with a few trial starts and resounding cheers.

Then the ammo arrived — our patented globs of © "Shit" (recipe

available upon request). Specially prepared that very morning, and still warm, it was passed out to all the members of the team, and delegates were sent to strategic locations on the race course. The opposition was suitably impressed:

Suspicious Mech: Hey, What've you got?

Enthusiastic Industrial: Shit, man, shit ...

The Bnad made its usual infamous appearance as we planned our last minute strategy — "Gel Civil." The Civils had stolen our original chariot and run a few stress tests on it, unfortunately exceeding the limit by a factor of about 10, and reducing it to rubble in the process. Being industrious people, we "acquired" the necessary materials and produced a new improved version the day before the race.

The Bnad was winding up the Engineer's hymn as the cannon was readied; then the song ended, the might skule cannon roared, and the race began.

We paused long enough to heap shit on the civils, and then took off with a burst of speed. Falling rapidly behind the field by the first turn, we went wide around most of the combatants and moved up the outside into first place. Before we reached the second turn we were spotted, and the first major battle took place.

Skirmishes up to this point had only been the odd (very odd) group of engineers attacking our chariot, but these had only disrupted our ordered progress momentarily. Moving into the lead, though, brought on a major battle, and despite a stiff resistance during which several attackers got a face full of shit (and one got it down his back), the chariot was halted.

The main tide of the battle swept

by us as we fought off the last tenacious attacker and set off again. From this point to past the third turn, we struggled in the middle of the pack, tackling would-be opponents (the trick was to fall on top of them) and pulling successful attackers off our chariot.

Pulling the chariot was the most hazardous job, with the risk of being trampled and run over by one's own teammates. One attacker, when tackled, sneered "Eat shit!", and was obliged with a face full of our own special brand.

Ahead of us, as we approached the fourth turn, the Mech and Civil chariots were around and had been ambushed and stopped dead in a crowd of attackers. We found ourselves inside the fourth part and had to backtrack a little to get around. Then we found ourselves faced with the mob. The chariot toppled. We stopped and righted it an then worked our way to the inside along the edge of the crowd. Suddenly, there was no-one between us and the finish but spectators. We took off, gathering momentum, and thundered through the spectators, drawing nearer and nearer to the finish. Behind us there were a few cries of dismay as a few engineers belatedly realized what had happened, and we powered across the finish line well in front. Geological slaggered across to the south of us and NY followed them crossing sideways.

There was much celebration. After a modest exhibition of screaming "Power-rite" and "We're Number One" while jumping several feet in the air and smashing each other in the back, the might Industrial team retired to our common room for a few well-deserved brew. And if anyone has any complaints, there's still a little shit left ...

Indignant Industrials Whine Over Wandering Chariots

This article is a rebuttal to the article written in this Toike regarding the results of the Chariot Race, run Friday, January 27th. According to the article written by the blue and Gold Committee, Rob Yates, Bill "wear a tux" Moore, and Mark Ewen, the Industrial Chariot was disqualified for the use of plastics. First of all, the Industrial engineers deny any use of said "plastics", and until a witness can prove the above, we believe the ruling to be unjust. Secondly, the rule specifically states, and I quote "Blockers must not carry dangerous objects such as materials of metal, glass, wood or plastic." I don't believe that anyone who has been given credit for being in third or fourth year in our Faculty could possibly stretch such a rule to say simply that "plastic in itself is a dangerous weapon". What I would like to know is whether the Committee considers the lists of all participants as less dangerous than the flimsy HandiWrap supposedly used by the IE's? Thirdly, such a gross extension of the rules to be applied only to the Industrial Chariot is again unjust. For example, Rule

No. 3, Pushers & Pullers states that, "Only 8 (eight) allowed. All must be human males and/or human females." I believe that every chariot could be disqualified under this rule with even less extension of the rule than that done in disqualifying the Industrial Chariot! Anyone will agree that the pushers and pullers have never been specified to be those attached to the particular chariot being pulled. Furthermore all participants will agree that more than 8 pushers and pullers were working on all chariots. Now I am not suggesting that this type of extension be applied since such extensions serve only to deter from the spirit of the race. But to apply an extension such as has been applied in our case is prejudicial.

To summarize the above, the objective of the race is basically to complete the course presented with a chariot in working condition as specified in the rules while not trying to physically maim opponents. Why even bother to run the race if the winner is declared through flimsy excuses? Certainly future endeavours in entering the

race will be dampened unless some standardized rules, clearly stated and not subject to misinterpretations at the whim of the judges, are drawn up and followed. I would suggest that Mr. Yates, Mr. "you better wear a tux" Moore, and Mr. Ewen should have considered the above argument in arriving at their decision. It may have been a good joke for them, but I would suggest that they not try to approach the Rosebrugh Bldg for there are plenty of angered IE's who would like to imbue in their minds the proper interpretation of the rule used to disqualify the true victorious chariot.

Finally, the ice pub is on Friday the 3rd. This pub is a "joint" pub with the cooperation of Civil, Electrical and Industrial engineers. Come and support, with your presence, the biggest party of the year. Med Sci is the place, 8:00 P.M. is the time. Be there!

Andy Gizbert

P.S. You didn't have to steal it too. Whoever stole our chariot — shame on you!!!

KEND

al Standings

Wreckage of that Soviet Satellite appears to have made it this far east and placed a respectable second after the Rocks. Civil placed third with Mechanical and Electrical in the last positions.



Rob Yates
(Blue end Gold)
Mark Ewen
Bill Moore



The Great Chariot Race Controversy



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The pageant portrays incidents in the lives of the people, with special emphasis on their environment.

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Big Brothers
(Included as a service for the Big Brothers of Metropolitan Toronto)

Many people are familiar with the basic concept of the Big Brothers of Metropolitan Toronto but just as many are in the dark as to what being a Big Brother actually involves.

Big Brothers are men over the age of eighteen, married or single, from any walk of life, and deemed to be mature, stable and of good character. The organization says that their's is a simple concept: "one man, one boy with professional counsellors to back them up."

A Big Brother helps young boys between the ages of eight and fourteen who, because of death, divorce, desertion, or separation, have no father in the home or no consistent male image outside the home. A Little Brother may be experiencing adjustment problems, be in some kind of trouble with the law, or be just a lonely boy in need of a meaningful relationship with a grown man.

The organization's literature refers to him as a boy "without a father — the kid around the corner who needs a man to look up to."

HOW THEY HELP

A Big Brother commits himself to a long-term (one year or longer) relationship with a boy whom he sees at least once a week. He is not a disciplinarian; the organization feels that would destroy the boy's willingness to confide in him. Big Brothers are encouraged simply to set a good example and be a wise and understanding friend who can give advice to and stand behind the boy.

He assumes no legal or financial obligation to the boy.

The youngsters are referred to the agency by schools, social agencies, law enforcement agencies or by the boy's mother or guardian. He is usually a boy of average mental and physical ability who has asked for a friend.

Requests are received by the intake Co-Ordinator of the agency who will, in most cases, set up an interview that both mother and son attend. If the boy is then considered eligible the area social worker makes a home visit to further determine the needs and interests of the boy.

The social worker then thoroughly discusses the suitability of the match with the potential Big Brother and a meeting is arranged by these two with the mother and son.

The agency tries to match according to similar personality traits and interests. In its literature, the agency tells Big Brothers that they can "teach and share hobbies, activities, sports and games with

their Little Brothers. The main role to Big Brothering is not one of entertainment, but rather it is simply taking to one another and sharing feelings and thoughts. A true, honest and open friendship is thus developed. Doing ordinary household activities such as mowing the lawn, washing the car, and shopping are just as important to share with your Little Brother as a trip to the museum." They go on to say that the team do "a variety of things — some planned, some spontaneous, sometimes just nothing. But we do them together."

FOUNDED 1913
The first Canadian agency was

founded in Toronto in 1913 and there are 125 across the country at present. They operate with a volunteer Board of Directors and a paid staff of social workers, management, and clerical personnel.

The agency has found such positive benefits for the youngsters from their relationship with the volunteers as an increase in grades in school, better relations with the peer group, the avoidance of trouble with the law and, a happier general attitude.

For further information regarding the work of the Big Brothers, phone 925-8981.

The bandage-covered engineer was lying painfully in his hospital bed and speaking dazedly to his visiting pal.

"What in hell happened to me?" "Well, you had quite a few too many at the pub last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Then why in hell," screamed the broken engineer, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, shit," said his friend, "I had fifty bucks riding on you."

The Generation Gap OR: Now We Are Six

Peter and Marybeth were inseparable. When they were babies their mothers took them for walks together. They learned to walk within a week of each other, and of course it was Marybeth who learned first. She was always beating Peter at things, being naturally more curious.

Shortly after Peter turned six (Marybeth was already six) the two of them were playing together in their common sandbox. Suddenly a thought occurred to Marybeth, and she stopped burying Peter in order to ask it.

"Peter," she said, "what's a penis?" Peter was stumped. He didn't know many words, and virtually none with five or more letters. Marybeth knew this, and capitalized on it. She would often ask him a question when she knew the answer, and when he couldn't answer, she felt greatly superior to Peter. This was something that little Marybeth couldn't do with her other friends, especially little Mikey, who was only four but had learned to print and already was up to seven letter (and some eight letter) words.

"I don't know what a penis is, Marybeth," Peter finally answered, "but I'll find out for you!" Marybeth glowed with joy, and decided to stop burying Peter. Soon it was time to go in, and other topics of interest had occupied their minds in the interim.

That night, Peter's parents threw a party. Peter was sent upstairs to play by himself, with his blocks. After a while Marybeth's question came back to him, and he made his way back downstairs to the party.

"Daddy!" he announced in a very loud voice to his father, who was across the room, "Tell me what a penis is!" The room hushed, and his father flushed as he hurried across the room to quiet his son.

"Go back upstairs, Peter," his father said, "and I'll not only tell you what a penis is, but I'll show you one."

"Goody!" cried Peter, as he dashed back upstairs. His father led him to the bathroom. Once inside, Peter's father unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis. As he showed it to Peter, he said, "Peter, this is a penis. But this is also a special

penis: It is a perfect penis." Peter was overjoyed, and could hardly sleep that night for thinking about things.

The next day Peter called for Marybeth, and they went off to play in the sandbox.

"Marybeth! Marybeth!" sang out a jubilant and triumphant Peter, "I now what a penis is!"

"Oh, Goody!" Marybeth shone.

"What is a penis, Peter?"

"I'll show you one," Peter tore off his pants and pulled out his penis.

"This," he said with reverence, "this is a penis. And what's more, Marybeth, if it were just one inch shorter, it would be a perfect penis."

That day, Peter and Marybeth had a very good time playing with each other in the sandbox.

A commerce student became ill and called in a specialist. As the specialist examined him from his bedside, he was relieved to hear the words, "Yes, I can cure you."

"What will it cost me?" asked the commerce student faintly.

"Oh, about five thousand dollars."

"You'll have to shave your price a little," replied the commerce student. "I have a better bid from the undertaker."

NOTICE

On February 13th in the Debates Room of Hart House Carol White Will lay out the truth about the fraud named Sir Isaac Newton. Mrs. White is the author of a recent book published by Campaigner Publications entitled *Energy Potential: You and A New Electromagnetic Field Theory*. The work is oriented towards developing the proper conceptual tools necessary to develop a unified field theory. Mrs. White contends it is necessary to rinse from our brains the soap suds the Royal Society and others of that ilk have placed there.

The meeting will be held at 8:00 PM. Admission is \$10.00 or \$5.00 for students.

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The Legend of the Ficklegroons

by Iarch
or: Don't Count Your Groons Before
they Mate

When Fred Franklin had become the assistant to the little-known archaeologist Dr. Rutherford Grindstone, his home town of Johnny-On-The-Spot in Newfoundland presented him with the key to their town as a moment to his outstanding achievement. The key, in fact, was the master for the town: the corner store, the bank, the movie-house, each of the two hotels (eight rooms between them), the police station, and the bar which never closed. These establishments comprised the entire business section of the town. The doctor's basement was the hospital, or at least it operated in that manner. There was no fire department, for by the time someone had run into town to raise the reels the fire had usually either burned itself out, or had been

extinguished by the people concerned. Anyway, it turned out that that very key (not Dee, not a French owl - that's a 'hibou', but Fred's key) was to unlock the door (how poetic) to the annals of fame for Franklin and Grindstone forever (by the way, a female owl is a chouette). Thus begins the odious tale of Fred.

One day, while coolly strolling over the once-hallowed Beothuck plain called "Lyeberarlovnenfrumacrosswhytee", Fred stumbled over a great green grasshopper and lost his grip. On the key. Upon seeing the gleaming gold key, the grasshopper popped over Fred, grabbed the gleaming gold key, and hopped off with the key down a groundhog's hole. (Incidentally, that was Fred's story...) Knowing full well (don't you hate that expression/phrase? I think it's terrible) that his dear community would be unsafe without its only master key in

a responsible person's (that is, his) hands, Fred flew frantically back to town. He headed straight for the bar, and found there most of the plee-eyed and clued-out town staring absently about. Rounding up the town maintenance/emergency crew of two, who in turned rounded up their newest equipment, picks and shovels, Fred hurried back to the ill-disposed hole.

Six hours and twelve feet later, and with most of the townspeople drunkenly peering about, the men decided to break for supper and call it a day, for by now the hole seemed to be more foreboding than ever. A ladder was called for and placed by the wall of the hole. As the men began to climb out, the ladder began to sink. Suddenly, the entire floor of the hole collapsed, and the men found themselves faces to face with a rather exasperated groundhog. By this time the groundhog had had quite enough of the goings-on: the endless shovelling, cursing, banging, bombardment by key-like projectiles, and such. With an irate flurry of two-letter words (in groundhog, the letters are twice as good as in English), "NII NII NII", he kicked each of the men in the shin. Well, this was more than those three sods in the hole could take, and in an instant they had ejected groundhog, belongings, and all from the hole. As the groundhog sallied out the hole and over the crowd, he let loose a volley from his total vocabulary of four-letter words and obscene phrases (he was a dirty bilingual groundhog), and he subsequently retired to a peaceful area in Kambope.

As the men in the hole dusted themselves off, becoming more accustomed to the dim light of the groundhog's former living room, they noticed an old chest over by a corner of the area. Fred was flabbergasted, being an archaeologist and also one of the three in the hole (better, of course, than both of one in the hand and two in the bush); he took charge of the situation, however, and opened the chest. Scooping through heaps of jewels, Fred came at last to that one prize more valuable than any jewel: a book! Upon examination of the writing in the book, which happened

to be not the only book but merely the first book to be touched, Fred let out a cry of joyful astonishment, for the book was written in the language of the ancient Vikings! But discovering a once-lost Viking coche was but little excitement for Fred - he had found the key, too...

Six months later the translation of the books was completed; however, Grindstone became violently irked at the discovery that the total content of the books seemed to be legend. Fortunately, the chance of a nervous breakdown was skillfully averted by Fred, who purchased a neat little teddy bear to placate Grindstone. Fred, having a great gut-feeling for such matters, was impressed by the story told in one of the volumes, and was convinced that the story was true. The legend stated that a certain animal, the three-legged wild Ficklegroon (with little sharp, pointy teeth) was known by the great gods of the Beothuck to dwell deep below the earth's surface. This subterranean life purportedly carried on for nine hundred years, and it was said that only two Ficklegroons existed at any given time. When the animals reach the ripe old age of nine hundred, they mate, the parent male producing a new male, and the parent female producing a new female.

The parents die at the moment of childbirth, and then the new pair proceed down to their secret den to dwell in love and harmony and darkness for nine hundred years. The Vikings related that they had been told of this story by the elders of the Beothuck tribe, and had actually witnessed the appearance of a pair of Ficklegroons in the year 1078. The two groons were affectionately nicknamed the "Spirits of '78" by the Viking adventurers.

By simple arithmetic Fred was able to calculate that this current year was actually the year of the Ficklegroon, and he set a personal goal to preserve the ritual of this odd creature for science and posterity. He discovered the location of the happening by correlating the legend with old maps found in the area and dated to approximately the time of the Viking visit. The month and time were calculated for him by an astronomer friend who used observations of the heavens which were mentioned in the account; however, the day could only be pinpointed within the span of a week.

Finally the week came, and six

days came and went. On the seventh day Fred was a nervous wreck, and required the companionship of his faithful taciturn rubber duck. The whole community turned out in Sunday best (for it was Sunday) to see history in the making, since this was surely the day, should the legend prove true. Even Grindstone was there, for missing an important historical happening was much worse than the embarrassment of attending a fraudulent event. Everyone tried desperately to have complete faith in the story. As an extra precaution, Fred had decided to use three individually complete camera systems instead of one. Each camera was attached to its own video-taping system, and each unit was completely independent of the other two. One camera, with a wide angle lens, was set up in a tree approximately fifty yards from the designated area. The second camera was directly opposite the first, had a telephoto lens, and was at a position about sixty yards from the hallowed spot. The third camera was positioned on a hill about four hundred yards away and had a fancy-doo-dad-type zoom-telescopic lens (telephone too).

All too soon the moment came, Fred yelled "NOW!", and the carefully thought out, predetermined signal. When all was over, and the groons had returned to their subterranean home, Fred yelled "CUT!", which was also a careful choice, and he waited merrily over to the first location. There he discovered the distressed cameraman adjusting the rope with which he was about to hang himself.

"What's wrong?", Fred asked, expecting only the worst. "Oh, please forgive me!", cried the cameraman, "but I just discovered that I forgot to take the lens cap off!" "That's okay", said Fred, "don't worry. There are still two cameras that I haven't checked." He strolled over to the location of the second camera, still happy because he had figured on one big mistake; however, when he reached his destination, he found the hysterical cameraman tearing at his hair and jumping up and down.

"There, there, now", Fred soothed the broken man, "what's gone wrong here?" "Oh, please forgive me", the poor man sobbed, "but I forgot to connect the video system to the camera!" "Well, don't worry", replied Fred, becoming fearful and beginning to worry himself, "it's not your fault. Besides, I still have one camera left." Now Fred was beginning to wonder whether he would be known for the biggest success, or for the worst failure in history. He walked unhappily to the hill, and consulted his Duckie, who, as you recall, was also in attendance. "What do you think, Duckie, about this mess I've started into?" he asked the duck with reverence. When duck simply scowled and said nothing, Fred prepared himself for the worst. Once at the hill, he looked up at the man on the top.

"How're you doing, up there?" he yelled, "did you catch the whole scene?"

"And the hearty reply echoed down throughout the valley: 'Any time you're ready!'"

A rich bachelor girl made it a practice to invite several servicemen each weekend to her sumptuous country estate. One weekend a good-looking officer showed up alone. It was a case of love at first sight. The impact was terrific. As he was leaving, he held her in a close embrace. Kissing her, he asked, "Suppose dear, after a few months you should find that something was, er, wrong - what would you do?"

"Why - why - I would shoot myself!" she replied.

He patted her on the back encouragingly. "That's my girl!"

An article was working in a lumber camp for his summer job, and was working on the circular saw. One day, the foreman walked past and heard him say "Ouch." Turning around, the foreman asked, "What happened?"

"I dunno," replied the article, "I just stuck out my hand like this, and - Shit! There goes the other one!"

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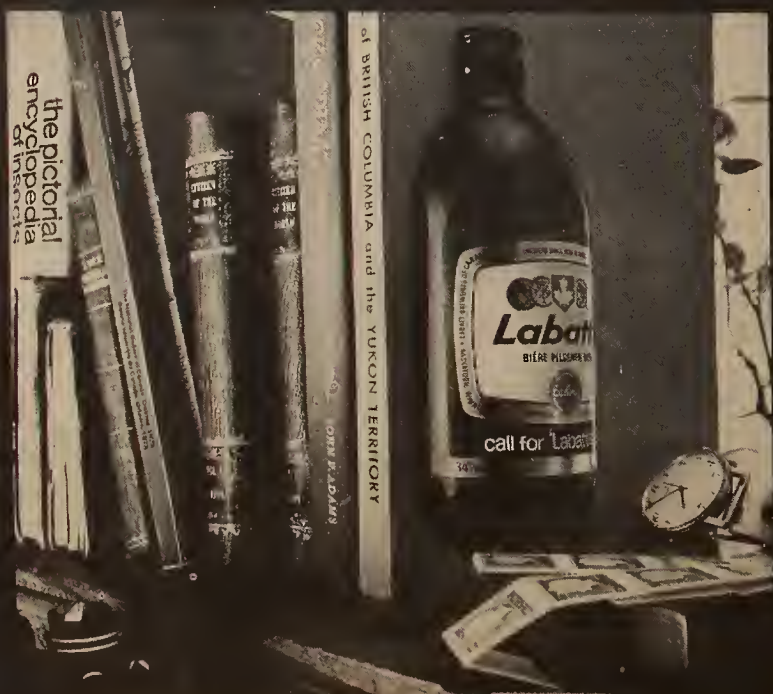
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CLOSING DATE MARCH 4th, 1978

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